

The Northfield Press

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

VOL. I. NO. 44.

NORTHFIELD, MASS., APRIL 29, 1910.

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are the most popular suspenders in the world, because they're the most comfortable and durable. Their distinctive feature is the sliding action of the cord at the back, which permits perfect freedom of motion without the slightest strain on the shoulders or buttons.

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We are proud of our assortment of men's fashionable neckwear. Nowhere can you find a greater variety of stylish shades and designs, suitable for all occasions—for business, dress and evening wear. And you will find our prices equally satisfactory.

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In all the correct models for the season, are ready for you at our store. Our shoes are famous throughout this section for their stylish appearance and long wear, and numbers of our customers get all their footwear here. We can fit you perfectly from our complete range of sizes.

A. W. PROCTOR

Northfield

May magazines at the Press office. Mrs. F. B. Caldwell's youngest child is ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. C. J. Beach and Mrs. Elliott W. Brown are spending a few days in Boston. Miss Annie Campbell is visiting her sister in Brooklyn.

Geo. Biglow is clerking at Stearns.

Miss Julia Bardwell has come from Boston to visit her aunt, Mrs. Priest.

The Sons of Veterans and Auxilliary held a supper and dance on Tuesday eve.

Dr. Fuller and family are back for the summer.

Work has begun on cleaning the high school site of some of the trees.

Mrs. W. R. Moody has been in Boston this week on a brief visit.

A regular meeting of the Eastern Star was held on Wednesday night.

Miss Mildred Homan of Webster, Mass., is spending the week with Mrs. C. H. Otis.

Brigadier Gen. Philip Reade at the Town Hall tonight. Don't fail to hear him.

Mrs. Ethel Beers Cook and daughter of Hadley, are the guests of Miss Emma Alexander.

Be sure to make the acquaintance of Boston Bill and Hilda the Helper. We introduce them to you on page 4.

Thomas Donahue who has been sick at Wayside Inn has gone to Franklin Co. Hospital.

Mrs. Annie Learoyd of Jamaica Plains visited her mother, Mrs. Thomas, last week.

Miss Guendolyn Garlow of Omaha, Neb., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. C. E. Williams.

Herbert S. Stone has returned from his tour in Europe and the Holy Land.

E. R. Stone of Boston was in town yesterday in the interest of the heating of the new high school building.

Advertisers who wish space in Mr. Fitts' "History" should communicate with the Press office right away.

Mrs. H. C. Gates and son, Walter, and Miss Ruth Crane of Orange spent Sunday with their mother, Mrs. C. W. Stebbins, of Crane Cottage.

Sidney McGaffin, who was so ill with typhoid at the home of F. W. Kellogg, is here for the summer. Mr. McGaffin is a theological student in Toronto.

Drop in at the Press office and hear the new Graphophone records.

Elliott W. Brown, Dr. Arthur J. Brown and W. W. Coe have set out during the past week over 150 apple trees on their places on Main street, besides various other fruit trees.

It is with pleasure that we announce the re-opening of George's Pharmacy under its former management. Mr. George will be happy to serve his old customers, and new ones, too. Miss Mildred Lyman is back again as his clerk and everything looks natural on the corner opposite the Press office.

A ball game between the Northfield Club and the New Salem Academy nine will be played on the new high school lot Saturday, May 7.

The Annual Musical of the Fortnightly will be given next Tuesday evening in Music Hall. The program as arranged is an exceptionally attractive one. Among the numbers that will be presented are vocal solos by Miss Clara Hinman of Athol, and Miss Guendolyn Garlow of Omaha, Neb., and a violin solo by Miss Whitcomb. The committee on arrangements are Mrs. C. E. Williams, Mrs. W. R. Moody and Miss Jennie Haight.

A meeting will be held in the Town Hall on Wednesday evening, May 4, in the interest of the Village Improvement Society, to which every one is most cordially invited. The meeting will be addressed by Thomas Curley, Esq., of Waltham, Mass., who is employed by the state in the work of Village Improvement. Mr. Curley's address will be highly interesting and instructive. A musical program will also be given and members will be voted into the society. Every citizen should join. There is no membership fee.

Paul Moody has rented a house in Darien, Conn., for a year. He expects to spend August here with his family, and will have charge of the Round Top meetings as usual during the August conference.

May Festival

There will be a May Festival on the lawn of the Parish House of the North Church on Monday afternoon May 2, to which all are invited. There will be a May pole and other entertainments suitable for the occasion and everyone is asked to bring a basket lunch and include in it enough for two. Coffee and ice cream will be served. Come any time from half past three on. In the evening the exercises will be continued in vestry of the church and an attractive program has been provided as follows: Solos by Principal L. R. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Chafer, Mrs. W. R. Moody and Albert Hicks. Recitations by Mr. Jones, Miss Neilson, Miss Haight and Mrs. A. G. Moody. Instrumental music by Laurence Hardy, clarinet; Miss Bessie Alexander, piano. It is hoped that Prof. A. R. Spessard, H. S. Stone and others will also take part. The Boys Brigade will be present in their uniforms and will give a short military drill in the afternoon.

Sumner G. Titus.

Sumner G. Titus of Northfield Farms, who has been ill since the fifth day of last June when his hip was broken by a fall, died on Tuesday, the 26th. He was 75 years old and had lived for many years at the Farms, where he was employed as station agent for the Vermont Central R. R. He was a man of most generous impulses, and had a host of friends. He was ever ready to give a helping hand to anyone in need and many instances of his kindness are now recalled. His funeral was conducted yesterday by Rev. Mr. Clark of Millers Falls.

Something Doing

The following schedule of events for next week indicates that Northfield is anything but asleep:—Monday afternoon and evening, May party and entertainment at Congregational Parish House; Tuesday evening, Annual Musical of the Fortnightly in Music Hall; Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Margaret Barnard's address to the Women's Alliance, in the parlors of the Unitarian Church; Wednesday evening, Village Improvement Society meeting in Town Hall, Address by Thomas Curley, Esq.; Thursday evening, Mid-week Church service; Friday evening, High School entertainment at the Town Hall; Saturday afternoon, Base Ball game between New Salem Academy nine and the Northfield nine.

High School Entertainment.

The high school will give an entertainment in the town hall, Friday evening, May 6, consisting of two plays. The first will be a French charade, Fa-ci-li-te, in five scenes, with the following cast of characters, Miss Timmers, Miss Hazel Dunnell; Miss Blanche Timmers, Miss Ethel Jackson; Miss Josephine Timmers, Miss Josephine Warzuak; Mlle. de la Grandemaison, Miss Ethel Leavis; Felicite Marquand, Miss Frances Kavanaugh; Francoise, Miss Bertha Clapp.

The second play will be a farce, entitled "Her Busy Day," with the following members of the high school participating: Misses Ruth Moore, Marion George, Dorothy Clapp, Bernice Cummings and Myra Stacy and Messrs. Harold Randall, Joseph Waite, Raymond Clapp, Harold McGrath, Newton Howard William Dalton and Carl Newton.

The admission will be 25c; 100 reserved seats at 35c; now on sale at the Press office, Northfield, and the Bookstore, East Northfield.

The Northfield Base Ball Club will play a game with the Powers Institute nine of Bernardston, on the High School diamond tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon.

Rev. N. Fay Smith attended the meeting of the Franklin Co. Congregational Association at Farley last Wednesday. The following delegates went from the North Church: C. S. Robbins, Mrs. S. C. Holton, Mrs. F. J. Stockbridge, Miss Mary Thurston, Miss Mary Dutton and Miss Cynthia Barber.

Rev. and Mrs. Wilson have arrived this week and taken possession of the Unitarian parsonage. Their goods are coming on teams from Clinton.

Mrs. George went to Boston last Wednesday under Dr. Wood's care, to undergo treatment. Mr. George reopened the drug store on Tuesday.

John Callaghan has moved into the old Prindle farm house which is being made over into a double tenement.

Rev. W. W. Coe conducted the commitment service of Joseph Callender at the Center Cemetery last Saturday. The Unitarian choir, of which Mr. Callender was formerly a member, sang "Lead Kindly Light."

The Red Men have bought a lot on Parker Ave. just west of the church horse sheds, and have decided to build a two-story structure, of which the first story will be a store, the upper story a hall and club room. The building committee consists of Arthur Mason, Adolph Wallet, Will Slate, Frank Holton and Herbert Reed.

At the meeting of the school committee Thursday evening Mr. L. R. Smith was elected chairman and Mrs. N. P. Wood, secretary. The committees from the several districts were present. E. F. Howard was re-elected Superintendent.

In the case of M. O. Perham before the district Court at Greenfield on Monday on complaint of the Franklin County Law Enforcement League the defendant's lawyer presented an affidavit to the effect that his client will not sell any liquor in the future and that it is his purpose to sell his hotel and leave town. On this basis the case was continued until the first Monday in June, the defendant furnishing security for his appearance at that time.

In the town of Port Jervis, N. Y., an ordinance has been adopted which requires every owner, tenant, lessee and occupant of every building in the city to provide receptacles for holding refuse having a capacity for one week's accumulation. Two receptacles are to be provided, one for ashes and rubbish, the other for garbage and liquid substances. They must be provided with handles and metal covers and must not be filled to within nearer than four inches of the top. The two classes of rubbish must be kept strictly separated and must be deposited on private property, but conveniently accessible to the collector, the garbage being kept where it will not freeze in winter nor become a nuisance in summer. These materials will be removed by the city collectors. No refuse of any kind is to be accumulated for more than one week, and nothing which attracts flies or would be a breeding place for mosquitoes or in any way create a nuisance should be placed anywhere around the property except in receptacles provided. Violation of the ordinance is punishable by a fine not exceeding \$100, by imprisonment not exceeding two months or by both. Citizens are requested to burn as much rubbish, papers, sweepings, etc., as possible. This little lesson might well be practised in Northfield.

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Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER V.

COQUEUIL GETS IN THE GAME.

IT was a long night at the Ansonia and a hard night for M. Gritz. France is a land of infinite red tape, where even such a simple thing as getting born or getting married leads to endless formalities. Judge, then, of the complicated procedure involved in so serious a matter as getting murdered, especially in a fashionable restaurant! Long before the commissary had finished his report there arrived no less a person than M. Simon, the chief of police, round faced and affable, a brisk, dapper man, whose ready smile had led more than one trusting criminal into regretted confidences. And a little later came M. Hauteville, the judge in charge of the case, a cold, severe figure, handsome in his younger days, but soured, it was said, by social disappointments and ill health. He was in evening dress, having been summoned posthaste from the theater. The officials discussed the case with a wide variance in opinions and conclusions. The chief of police and M. Pougeot were strong in the theory of murder, while M. Hauteville leaned toward suicide. The doctor was undecided.

"But the shot was fired at the closest possible range," insisted the judge. "The pistol was not a foot from the man's head. How else account for the facts? Martinez was a strong, active man. He would never have allowed a murderer to get so close to him without a struggle. But there is not the slightest sign of a struggle, no disorder in the room, no disarrangement of the man's clothing. It's evidently suicide."

"If it's suicide," objected Pougeot, "where is the weapon? The man died instantly, didn't he, doctor?"

"Undoubtedly," agreed the doctor. "Then the pistol must have fallen beside him or remained in his hand. Well, where is it?"

"Ask the woman who was here. How do you know she didn't take it?" "Nonsense!" put in the chief. "Why should she take it? To throw suspicion on herself? Besides, I'll show you another reason why it's not suicide. The man was shot through the right eye. The ball went in straight and clean, tearing its way to the brain. Well, in the whole history of suicides there is not one case where a man has shot himself in the eye. Did you ever hear of such a case, doctor?"

"Never," answered Joubert. "A man will shoot himself in the mouth, in the temple, in the heart, anywhere, but not in the eye. There would be an unconquerable shrinking from that. So I say it's murder."

The judge shook his head. "And the murderer?"

"Ah, that's another question. We must find the woman. And we must understand the role of this American."

"No woman ever fired that shot or planned this crime," declared the commissary, unconsciously echoing Coqueuil's opinion.

"There's better reason to argue that the American never did it," retorted the judge.

"What reason?"

"The woman ran away, didn't she? And the American didn't. If he had killed this man do you think anything would have brought him back here for that cloak and bag?"

"A good point," nodded the chief.

"Ah, yes; she knows," reflected the commissary. "And, gentlemen, all our talk brings us back to this—we must find that woman."

At half past 11 Gibelin appeared to announce the arrest of Kittredge. He had tried vainly to get from the American some clew to the owner of cloak and bag.

"I'll see what I can squeeze out of him in the morning," said Hauteville grimly.

"You've got your work cut out," snapped the detective. "He's a stubborn devil."

In the midst of these perplexities and technicalities a note was brought for M. Pougeot. The commissary glanced at it quickly and then, with a word of excuse, left the room, returning a few minutes later and whispering earnestly to M. Simon.

"You say he is here?" exclaimed the latter. "I thought he was sailing for—"

M. Pougeot bent closer and whispered again.

"Paul Coqueuil!" exclaimed the chief. "Why, certainly, ask him to come in."

A moment later Coqueuil entered

and all rose with cordial greetings—that is, all except Gibelin.

"As you know," explained Coqueuil briefly at the judge. "I resigned from the force two years ago. I need not go into details. The point is I now ask to be taken back. That is why I am here."

"But, my dear fellow," replied the chief in frank astonishment. "I understood that you had received a magnificent offer with—"

"Yes, yes, I have."

"With a salary of a hundred thousand francs?"

"It's true, but I have refused it."

Simon and Hauteville looked at Coqueuil incredulously.

"May I ask why you have refused it?" asked the chief.

"Partly for personal reasons, largely because I want to have a hand in this case."

Gibelin moved uneasily.

"You think this case so interesting?" put in the judge.

"The most interesting I have ever known," answered the other, and then he added, with all the authority of his fine, grave face: "It's more than interesting. It's the most important criminal case Paris has known for three generations."

Again they stared at him.

"My dear Coqueuil, you exaggerate," objected M. Simon. "After all, we have only the shooting of a billiard player."

M. Paul shook his head and replied impressively: "The billiard player was a pawn in the game. He became troublesome and was sacrificed. He is of no importance, but there's a greater game than billiards here with a master player, and I'm going to be in it."

"Why do you think it's a great game?" questioned the judge.

"Why do I think anything? Why did I think a commonplace pickpocket at the Bon Marche was a notorious criminal, wanted by two countries? Why did I think we should find the real clew to that Bordeaux counterfeiting gang in a Passy winery?"

Why did I think it necessary tonight to be on the cab this young American took and not behind it in another cab?" He shot a quick glance at Gibelin. "Because a good detective knows certain things before he can prove them and acts on his knowledge. That is what distinguishes him from an ordinary detective."

"Meaning me?" challenged Gibelin.

"Not at all," replied M. Paul smoothly. "I only say that—"

"One moment," interrupted M. Simon. "Do I understand that you were with the driver who took this American away from here tonight?"

Coqueuil smiled. "I was not with the driver. I was the driver, and I had the honor of receiving 5 francs from my distinguished associate." He bowed mockingly to Gibelin and held up a silver piece. "I shall keep this among my curiosities."

"It was a foolish trick, a perfectly useless trick," declared Gibelin, furious.

"Perhaps not," answered the other, with aggravating politeness. "Perhaps it was a rather nice coup leading to very important results."

"Hub! What results?"

"Yes. What results?" echoed the judge.

"Let me ask first," replied Coqueuil deliberately, "what you regard as the most important thing to be known in this case just now."

"The name of the woman," answered Hauteville promptly.

"Then the man who gives you this woman's name and address will render a real service?"

"A service?" exclaimed Hauteville. "The whole case rests on this woman."

"Come, come," interrupted the chief. "What are you driving at?"

"I have the woman's name and address," exclaimed Coqueuil.

"Impossible!" they cried.

"I got them by my own efforts, and I will give them up on my own terms." He spoke with a look of fearless purpose that M. Simon well remembered from the old days.

"A thousand devils! How did you do it?" cried Simon.

"I watched the American in the cab as he leaned forward toward the lantern light, and I saw exactly what he was doing. He opened the lady's bag and cut out a leather flap that had her name and address stamped on it."

"No," contradicted Gibelin; "there was no name in the bag. I examined it myself."

"The name was on the underside of the flap," laughed the other, "in gilt letters."

Gibelin's heart sank.

"And you took this flap from the American?" asked M. Simon.

"No, no! Any violence would have brought my colleague into the thing, for he was close behind, and I wanted this knowledge for myself."

"What did you do?" pursued the chief.

"I let the young man cut the flap into small pieces and drop them one by one as we drove through dark little streets. And I noted where he dropped the pieces. Then I drove back and picked them up—that is, all but two."

"Marvelous!" muttered Hauteville. "I had a small searchlight lantern to help me. That was one of the things I took from my desk," he added to Pougeot.

"And these pieces of leather with the name and address, you have them?" continued the chief.

"I have them."

"With you?"

"Yes."

"May I see them?"

"Certainly. If you will promise to respect them as my personal property?"

Simon hesitated. "You mean"—He frowned and then said impatiently.

"Oh, yes, I promise that."

Coqueuil drew an envelope from his breast pocket and from it he took a number of white leather fragments. And he showed the chief that most of these fragments were stamped in gold letters or parts of letters.

"I'm satisfied," declared Simon after examining several of the fragments and returning them. "Bon Dieu!" he stormed at Gibelin. "And you had that bag in your hands!"

Gibelin sat silent. This was the wretchedest moment in his career.

"Well," continued the chief, "we must have these pieces of leather. What are your terms?"

"I told you," said Coqueuil. "I want to be put back on the force. I want to handle this case."

M. Simon thought a moment. "That ought to be easily arranged. I will see the prefect de police about it in the morning."

But the other demurred. "I ask you to see him tonight. It's ten minutes to his house in an automobile. I'll wait here."

The chief smiled. "You're in a hurry, aren't you? Well, so are we. Will you come with me, Hauteville?"

"Yes."

In less than an hour the men returned with good news for the great detective.

"The prefect was extremely nice," said M. Hauteville. "He took our view at once."

"Then my commission is signed?"

"Precisely," answered the chief. "You are one of us again, and—I'm glad."

"Thank you, both of you," said M. Paul, with a quiver of emotion.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WEAPON.

RIGHT across from the Ansonia, on the Rue Marboeuf, was a little winery that remained open all night for the accommodation of cab drivers and belated pedestrians, and to this Coqueuil and the commissary now withdrew. Before anything else the detective wished to get from M. Pougeot his impressions of the case. And he asked Papa Tignol to come with them for a fortifying glass. They analyzed the known facts carefully.

Suddenly Coqueuil stopped talking abruptly to look at a comical little man with a large mouth, the owner of the place, who had been hovering about for some moments as if anxious to say something.

"What is it, my friend?" asked Coqueuil good naturedly.



"IT LIES TO THE LEFT OF THAT HEAVY DOORWAY."

At this the proprietor coughed in embarrassment and motioned to a prim, thin faced woman in the front room, who came forward with fidgety shyness, begging the gentlemen to forgive her if she had done wrong, but there was something on her conscience, and she couldn't sleep without telling it.

"Well?" broke in Pougeot impatiently, but Coqueuil gave the woman a reassuring look, and she went on to explain that she was a splinter living in a little attic room of the next house overlooking the Rue Marboeuf. She worked as a seamstress all day in a hot, crowded atelier, and when she came home at night she loved to go out on her balcony. She would stand there and brush her hair while she watched the sunset deepen and the swallows circle over the chimney tops.

"But, my dear woman," smiled Coqueuil, "what has that to do with me?"

"I have very little hair and no time to brush it."

The seamstress begged his pardon. The point was that on the previous evening, just as she had nearly finished brushing her hair, she suddenly

heard a sound like a pistol shot from across the street, and, looking down, she saw a glittering object thrown from a window. She saw it distinctly and watched where it fell beyond the high wall that separated the Ansonia hotel from an adjoining courtyard. She had not thought much about it at the moment; but, having heard that something dreadful had happened—

Coqueuil could contain himself no longer, and, taking the woman's arm, he hurried her to the door.

"Now," he said, "show me just where you saw this glittering object thrown over the wall."

"There," she replied, pointing, "it lies to the left of that heavy doorway on the courtyard stones. I could see it from my balcony."

"Wait!" and, speaking to Tignol in a low tone, M. Paul gave him quick instructions, whereupon the old man hurried across the street and pulled the bell at the doorway indicated.

"Did you happen to see the person who threw this thing?" continued M. Paul gently.

"No, but I saw his arm."

Coqueuil gave a start of satisfaction. "His arm! Then a man threw it?"

"Oh, yes; I saw his black coat sleeve and his white cuff quite plainly."

"Do you remember the window from which he threw this object?" The detective looked at her anxiously.

"Yes, indeed; it is easy to remember. It's the end window on the first floor of the hotel. There!"

Coqueuil felt a thrill of excitement, for, unless he had misunderstood the commissary's diagram, the seamstress was pointing not to private room No. 6, but to private room No. 7!

"Lucien!" he called, and, taking his friend aside, he asked, "Does that end window on the first floor belong to No. 6 or No. 7?"

"No. 7."

"And the window next to it?"

"No. 6."

"Thanks! Just a moment," and he rejoined the seamstress. "But one point is not quite clear," he said. "Just look across again. You see two open windows—the end window and the one next to it. Isn't it possible that this bright thing was thrown from the window next to the end one?"

"No, no!"

"They are both alike and, both being open, one might easily make a mistake."

She shook her head positively. "I have made no mistake; it was the end window."

Just then Coqueuil heard the click of the door opposite and, looking over, he saw Papa Tignol beckoning to him.

"Excuse me," he said and hurried across the street.

"It's there," whispered Tignol. "The pistol?"

"Yes."

"You remember what I told you?"

The old man looked hurt. "Of course I did. I haven't touched it. Nothing could make me touch it."

Again Coqueuil rejoined the seamstress. "Thanks, my good woman," he said. "Now go right back to your room and don't breathe a word of this to any one."

A few moments later Coqueuil and the commissary and Papa Tignol were standing in the courtyard near two green tubs of foliage plants between which the pistol had fallen. The doorkeeper of the house had joined them.

"See here," said the detective, addressing him, "do you want to earn 5 francs?"

"I'll make it 10," continued the other, "if you do exactly what I say. You are to take a cab—here is the money—and drive to Notre Dame. At the right of the church is a high iron railing around the archbishop's house. In the railing is an iron gate with a night bell for extreme unction. Ring this bell and ask to see the sacristan Bonneton, and when he comes out give him this." Coqueuil wrote hastily on a card. "It's an order to let you have a dog named Caesar—my dog; he's guarding the church with Bonneton. Pat Caesar and tell him he's going to see M. Paul—that's me. Tell him to jump in the cab and keep still. He'll understand—he knows more than most men. Then drive back here as quick as you can."

Coqueuil began at once with questions to M. Gritz about private room No. 7. Who had reserved this room, and what had prevented the person from occupying it? M. Gritz replied that No. 7 had been engaged some days before by an old client who, at the last moment, had sent a petit bleu to say that he had changed his plans and would not require the room. The petit bleu did not arrive until after the crime was discovered, so the room remained empty. More than that, the door was locked—locked on the outside, with the key in the lock.

"Then any one coming along the corridor might have turned the key and entered No. 7?"

"It is possible," admitted M. Gritz, "but very improbable. The room was dark, and an ordinary person seeing a door locked and a room dark—"

"We are not talking about an ordinary person," retorted the detective;

"we are talking about a murderer. Come; we must look into this," and he led the way down the corridor, nodding to the policeman outside No. 6 and stopping at the next door, the last in the line, the door to No. 7.

"You know I haven't been in there yet." He glanced toward the adjoining room of the tragedy; then, turning the key in No. 7, he tried to open the door.

"Hello! It's locked on the inside too!"

"Tiens! You're right," said Gritz as he rumbled his scanty locks in perplexity.

"Some one has been inside—some one may be inside now."

The proprietor shook his head and rather reluctantly went on to explain that No. 7 was different from the other private rooms in this—that it had a separate exit with separate stairs leading to an alleyway between the hotel and a wall surrounding it. The alleyway led to a gate in the wall opening on the Rue Marboeuf.

Continued next week.



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The Only Steady.
Though all things rise,
We must agree
We find advice
Still offered free. —Judge

FOR THE CHILDREN

The Enchanted
Apple Tree

There was once a little baby who hadn't any mother or father or sisters or brothers or aunts or uncles or cousins or any other kind of relative, and she had nobody to take care of her except just one fairy. The fairy was very good, and she took splendid care of the baby and named her Joybell, which, of course, isn't an appropriate name for a baby, but then all the fairies have names like that, and this fairy, whose name was Sunslilk, because of her beautiful hair, didn't know any better.

There were two things which worried the fairy. One was that the baby grew older and older every day, and, of course, fairies can't play with children after they get to be a certain age, and she hated to leave Joybell alone in the world with no relative. And the other thing was that there was a very naughty fairy who was always trying to harm Joybell, and Sunslilk was afraid to leave her alone.

One day when Joybell was about three years old and the prettiest little thing imaginable, with soft gold hair, delicate pink cheeks and a pink dress woven by a fairy process, Sunslilk left her alone for just a few moments while she flew to get some honey for supper. In that instant the naughty fairy came sweeping in at the window and cried:

"Now at last I have found my chance, and you are alone! And when Sunslilk comes back she won't find Joybell here."

And with that she touched Joybell with the end of her wand and in an instant changed her into an apple seed. Then she stirred up a strong wind, which picked up the apple seed, blew it out of the window and dropped it in a road miles away. Wasn't it dreadful to do a thing like that?

While the apple seed was lying in the road a good old woman came along—a kind old woman, with wavy white hair and a pleasant smile. And when she saw the apple seed lying in the road she picked it up and said: "I'll plant this in my garden and maybe I shall live to see it grow into a tree. Oh, how I wish we had a daughter to climb up in its branches!"

When she reached home she showed her husband what a very large seed she had found, and together they



"GOOD BY, LITTLE JOYBELL," WHISPERED SUNSLILK.

planted it in the garden. "But it will be long," they said, "before we have an apple tree."

However, they were amazed a few mornings later to find a little shoot showing above the ground, and each day as they looked at it it grew larger and larger, so that at the end of a week it was already three feet tall. At the end of a month it was a full grown tree, and at the end of three months it had blossoms.

And the old people said as they looked at its beautiful blossoms, "Oh, if we only had a child with a cheek like the petals of the apple blossom and hair like the pure gold of its heart!"

Now, it happened that Sunslilk had been hunting the whole world over to find Joybell, and, being a fairy, she knew the moment she saw the apple tree what had become of her little charge. And she heard what the old people said and thought, "Here are good, kind people with whom my little Joybell will be happy."

So she flew quickly to the apple tree and touched the trunk with her wand.

"Look, wife! Look at the apple tree!" cried the old man. And as she looked the old woman saw the trunk split open, and out stepped a little girl with cheeks like the apple blossom petals and hair like the gold of the stamens.

As soon as she saw the old people she ran with both arms outstretched, and they clasped her in their arms and knew that a daughter had come to them at last.

The apple tree rustled in the wind, and the buds seemed to ring like joy bells. And that night when Joybell

was going to sleep in the dear little bed where the kind old woman had tucked her she heard a little flutter at the window, and there stood Sunslilk looking lovelier than ever in the moonlight.

"Goodby, little Joybell," whispered Sunslilk. "Now you have human friends and a human home, and you will find children to play with in the great green fields, and you will all climb into the apple tree, and there you can tell them about Sunslilk."

And Joybell almost thought she was asleep, but she whispered, "Goodby, dear Sunslilk; I will never forget you."

And all the things that Sunslilk had said came true.—Washington Star.

A NATURE MYSTERY.

IS it an instinct,
Is it a gift,
Matter of figures
Or simply a drift?
Why do the youngsters
Well understand
When marble season
Comes in the land?

Everything gliding
Serenely, then some,
Nothing suggesting
What is to come.
All of a sudden
Over us sweeps
Wave of the kiddos
Out playing "keeps."

No one suspected
Marbles were due.
Almanacs didn't
Give us a clue.
But without warning
Springs the whole plot.
Down come the alleys
Into the lot.

How does the robin
Know when to duck
Southward or northward?
Is it just luck?
That is a secret
Nature has hid,
Only revealing
To robin and kid.

The Wars of
Our Country.

LIX.—Spanish War—Cervera's Fleet.

By Albert Payson Terhune



THE Spaniards are coming out of the harbor!" The lookout on the cruiser Iowa had scarcely shouted this long expected warning when the signal "Clear ships for action!" flashed to the whole blockading fleet. An epoch making sea fight was beginning.

The United States squadron had for days watched the narrow opening of Santiago harbor as a cat watches a rat-hole. Within were Cervera's four powerful cruisers—the Almirante Oquendo, Vizcaya, Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa—and his two torpedo boat destroyers, the Furor and Pluton. The American troops held the heights about Santiago, and negotiations for the town's surrender were under way; hence Cervera's one chance lay in a dash for the safety of the open sea. Outside the harbor lay a larger, stronger fleet than his own, waiting to destroy him.

Admiral Sampson, commanding the blockade, steamed away in his flagship New York early on the morning of Sunday, July 3, 1898, for a conference with General Shafter some miles down the coast, leaving Commodore Schley in command of the squadron.

It was about 9:30 a. m. that the Sunday quiet was broken by news of the attempt at escape. The vessels of the United States fleet were lying from 4,000 to 6,000 yards off shore. They were the battleships Iowa, Oregon, Texas and Indiana, the cruiser (Schley's flagship) Brooklyn, the "converted yachts" Gloucester and Hist and the torpedo boat destroyer Vixen.

From within the concealed harbor a curl of smoke rose. It was this that had warned the Iowa's lookout. The shore batteries of Secapa opened sudden fire on the blockaders. The gray nose of a warship poked into sight at the harbor's mouth. Out into the open darted Cervera's flagship, the Teresa. The Oquendo followed, then the Colon and Vizcaya and five minutes later the Pluton and Furor.

But swiftly as the rush for freedom was made the Yankee guns were still quicker. Ship after ship opened fire on the enemy. As the range was found the projectiles poured in still faster and with more terrible accuracy.

One of the Spanish cruisers caught fire from a bursting shell. Then a twelve inch shell from the Iowa struck the Teresa. After the smoke of the explosion cleared away the burning Spanish flagship was seen staggering shoreward.

The Oquendo was next to succumb. She was beached, a blazing wreck, six miles west of the harbor mouth and half a mile east of the Teresa.

Her captain, Lasagas, shot himself to avoid the disgrace of surrendering. Ten miles farther on the Vizcaya was overhauled. She was in flames and ran up the white flag.

Meantime the Furor and Pluton were in dire trouble. One of them was struck early in the action by a twelve inch shell. The yachts Gloucester and Hist ran at the two torpedo boats, pelting them from rapid fire guns and driving them ashore.

Now the Colon, alone of the flying fleet, remained afloat. She was steaming away westward at top speed, the Americans trailing in her wake and sending shot after shot at the flying hulk. The New York by this time had come up and joined in the hunt. At 1:20 p. m., having run nearly sixty miles the battered, sinking Colon surrendered and turned her prow shoreward. The fight was over.

The whole Spanish fleet was captured or sunk. The battle had cost our navy just one life, that of Chief Yeoman Ellis of the Brooklyn, who was killed by a shell. Another man was wounded. The Spanish lost 353 killed and 151 wounded. Practically all the rest were made prisoners.

The beaten foes were treated with the utmost courtesy. Captain Evans graciously refused to accept the sword Captain Eulate of the Colon. Vizcaya offered him in token of submission. Cervera was received aboard the Iowa with all the impressive naval honors due an admiral.

The war dragged on for months with no further battles of any especial consequence. Porto Rico and the Philippines were easily captured. Everywhere our arms met with swift victory. On Dec. 10, 1898, a peace treaty was signed. Spain lost all control of Cuba, ceded Porto Rico and sold the Philippines to us for \$20,000,000. So ended the Spanish-American war.

Not His Experience.

"Do you think the horse is passing?"
"What horse?"
"The horse in general."
"I dunno. The one I had from a livery stable this afternoon wouldn't pass anything."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

An empty purse supplemented by a stomach in the same condition often serves as a liberal education in itself.

It isn't so easy to keep from doing harm even if you do absolutely nothing.

You can sometimes judge a man by the things he doesn't do.

Women take a lot of trouble, and they generally give it to some man.

Pleasant fiction is the fairy tales about yourself.

There is no rose without a thorn and no girl without a florist's bill.

The greatest pleasure connected with knowing some persons lies in avoiding them.

You can't judge others by yourself, but you do.

Some persons act as if helping the other fellow were tantamount to knocking themselves.

The minute a woman gets everything she wants she doesn't want anything. Think this over.

Improvements Wanted.

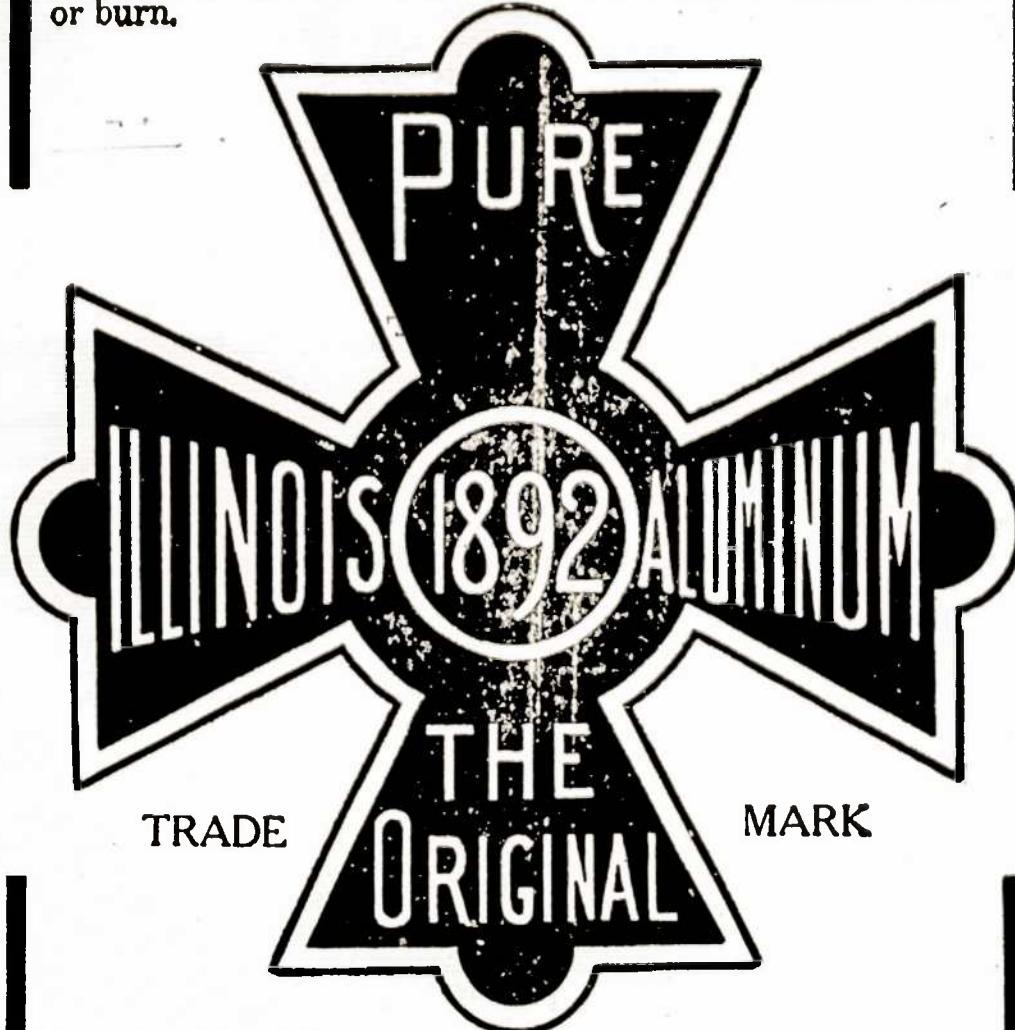
Will some
Philanthropist invent
A different kind
Of spring
That bears resemblance
To the one
Whose praise
We often sing.
One that has all
The pleasant parts
That we
So much enjoy
And chases to
Some pince remote
The features that
Annoy?
We'd like to have
A mudless
Spring
If there
Is one in stock.
The kind
To use
When we would take
A walk around the block.
We want to have
The breezes
Soft
And not the kind
To snatch
Our hats
And send them
Down the street
A running match.
Spring sort of suits us,
And we do
Not take it
Much to task,
But
It could be
Improved in spots
If any one
Should ask.

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An Example.

A teacher was endeavoring to explain to her small charges the meaning of the word "congenial."

"Now, children," she said, "two people are congenial who like to do the same kind of things, who do not disagree, and it is a very strong indication of congeniality when two people think the same thing simultaneously. Can any of you, now, give me an example of two people who are congenial?"

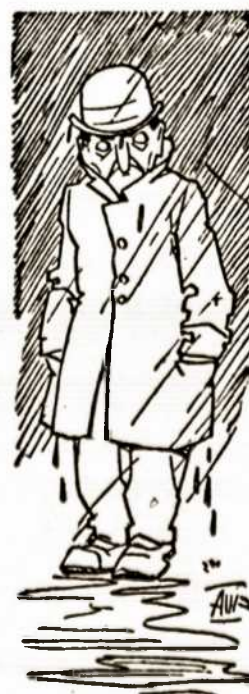
"I can, Miss Mary," a little fellow shouted, waving his hand wildly.

"All right, Tommy," Miss Mary smiled, delighted that so prompt an understanding should have been manifested, as there were several visitors present. "Tell us who they are and what proved it."

"It's paw and maw," Tommy replied eagerly. "An' I know it, 'cause they thinks the same thing at the same time. Last night maw said she wondered how anybody with any sense could ever be fool enough to get married, an' paw said, 'I was having the identical thought, my dear.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Sleep.

Now, blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It covers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak. It is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold and cold for the hot. It is the current coin that purchases all the pleasures of the world cheap and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even.—Cervantes.



Short Pleasure.
"What are you kicking about?"
"Somebody stole my umbrella."
"Was it a new one?"
"Practically. I stole it only yesterday."

Protecting His Pay.
"Doctor, what do you charge to pull teeth?"

"Fifty cents."
"But if I have you pull several?"
"Same price."
"Would you pull one for a sample?"
"Sure."

So the doctor took out his instruments of torture and the man pointed out the place to begin.

"Much obliged," he groaned when it was over. "I think that will be all today."

"Oh, no; it won't. I pulled a sound one."

Red hair is greatly admired by those who haven't any.

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FRIDAY, APRIL 29, 1910

Let every citizen of Northfield attend the meeting in the Town Hall next Wednesday evening. Town improvement is in the air. Northfield can not afford to be indifferent. What other places have accomplished we can accomplish and with an ease that will be surprising. Individual pride in our town and individual responsibility for its welfare are all that is needed.

A town booster who knows how to boost recently prepared these questions and suggestions, which are applicable to any town, whether it is on the map or not:

Where is our town on the map?
Who knows our town is on the map?
Who cares—other than our home folks?

What does our town mean industrially to America?
What is its rank in the American development game?

What's the score?
Are we really in the game?

Boys, it is almighty important the position our town takes in this race for municipal supremacy.

And the old town cannot fight her battles without you and me to boost. We can boost at least if we do not build.

No town is better than her men.
No town ever went ahead without men to push her ahead.

A lazy farmer allows his crops to run to weeds.

A lazy townsman allows his town to run to weeds—literally and figuratively.

Weeds and crops do not thrive well together. Weeds and town development do not know each other.

Let's cut down the weeds.
Let's cultivate our ground.

There is a reason for our town being on the map or it would not be there. Let us study our town a little.

After we know our town let's tell others; let's pass the information around; send it abroad.

Let's work for our town.

Our private business is important and must not be neglected, but our general business interests are inseparably associated with the welfare of the town.

If the town prospers we will have a better chance to prosper.

What are you and what am I willing to do to make our town more prominent on this map?

The following suggestions if followed will go far to help in improving and beautifying the home town:

Make the old home more beautiful this spring than it ever has been before.

Rake up all the bits of sticks and dead leaves of a year ago and make the yard ready for the mower when the grass grows.

Fill in all the little uneven places that may show in the lawn and scatter a little grass seed there. It will soon grow and make the front so much nicer to look at.

Two stout wires with a strip of wire poultry netting will give the clematis and other climbing vines something to cling to as they try to find the top of the porch. If they have not something to hold them upward they will trail downward and lose something of their beauty.

A few climbing shrubs will shade the porch neatly from the hot sunshine of next summer. The old fashioned honeysuckle is one of the best for this purpose. It is so clean, and its blossoms longer than almost any other shrub of the kind.

A Fine For Whitewashing Trees.

City Forester J. H. Frost of Spokane, Wash., is beginning a campaign against the practice of whitewashing tree trunks in the parkways along the residence streets of the city. He calls attention to an existing ordinance making this practice punishable by a fine of from \$5 to \$100.

"This practice is worse than useless," Mr. Frost said. "It is unsightly, offensive to the eye, disfigures the appearance of the streets and plasters up the breathing pores of the trees."

Clean Town Grows.

It will cost the average town about \$25 to paint its public hitching posts and telegraph and telephone poles, but the difference it will make in the looks of the place is worth ten times that amount. A clean, tidy town is always a good business town, and property is always in demand at full value, and it grows accordingly.

Benjamin Franklin Idea.
If a man can do business he should let it be known.—Franklin.

Communicated.

Editor of Northfield Press:—

I have noticed, from time to time, in your valuable paper, about the grangers buying carloads of feed, coal or supplies, and your remarks about home trade. Now I suppose you like to boom your advertisers all you can. That is right.

But first of all remember that farming is a wholesale business, and no business man can live and buy supplies at retail and sell at wholesale. Farmers in Northfield can sell a limited amount of produce to merchants here and take their pay in trade. On the other hand, if coal is to be obtained for produce, it must go to the produce houses in the city. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, if express and freight companies could make a report, you would find that others than grangers purchase supplies elsewhere. I am sure that the farmers and grangers are as much interested in the welfare of Northfield and home trade as any business man in our beautiful town.

What we are trying to do is to make our accounts balance.

A FARMER AND GRANGER.

We appreciate the above letter and realize there are two sides to this question. We think it is short-sightedness on the part of merchants who insist on giving only merchandise in exchange for produce. Why not pay our own farmers cash as a merchant must do when buying from a wholesale house?

Ed. Press.

A TIP FOR IMPROVERS.

How a Wisconsin Town Profited by a Successful Betterment Campaign.

Many rural communities would profit by heeding the tip that is given them in the way the citizens resurrected Tomah, Wis. It started its work with the sensible step of making a general study of conditions so as to know what things needed to be done, their relative importance, the obvious order of their accomplishment and similarly useful points.

The question of paving and boulevarding the main street appealed to



AN IDEAL PIECE OF PARKING.
[From American City, New York.]

some strongly, and a campaign in that direction has come to a successful termination. The street is a very wide one, and it has been paved with brick on both sides, and a parked area through the center has been developed with lawns and shrubs.

The work was in the meantime extended to the school and library grounds, where flowers, shrubs and lawns were called upon to do their respective parts. This all led to a greater interest in home grounds and a desire for suggestions as to how to develop these successfully. A landscape architect was called in to help, and he spent several days going over the home grounds and making suggestions as to the best methods of development.

One of the results was that two carloads of shrubs were ordered, and it is an easy inference that they were used to good purpose.

Figure It Out For Yourself.

If you want a hard case there is the case of a man who late at night bought a bottle of whisky at a public house—price, 3s. 6d.—says the London Globe. He handed over a five pound note, and the publican would not change it. "All right," said the customer. "Give me the whisky and 10s. 6d. and keep my five pound note." Next morning the customer came in, planked down four sovereigns and said, "Give me back my five pound note and we shall be straight." The publican and the sinner looked at each other. Can you tell at a glance which got the better of the bargain when the customer went away with his five pound note in his pocket?

The question puzzled a whole office full of literary, financial, sporting, philosophical and editorial men—until it reached a girl of eighteen who is engaged in dealing with cash. All the rest were calculating on paper and reaching the result by devious ways. The cash girl saw it in a flash of the eye. Do you? Shut your eyes and do it in five seconds if you wish to beat the cash girl.

The British lords got just what they played for when they boycotted the Liberal budget.

The Evolution of Booster Bill

I.—He Was Once Bill Blue

Bill Blue was once a knocker, and he knocked us all to beat the band. His long suit was in running down the stores and people of this town.

One day a stranger heard his clack and said: "Your liver's out of whack. The thing you need to make you smile is to turn in and BOOST AWHILE."



That made Bill think. To our amazement he started singing this town's praise. It soon improved his looks and health, his trade, his prospects and his wealth.

The town began to boom, and we elected Bill our mayor. He keeps up the sunshine habit still AND NOW WE CALL HIM "BOOSTER BILL."

HILDA THE HELPER

I.—The Town Can't Do Without Her

Hilda the Helper is a girl who has a way about her that makes her precious as a pearl. THE TOWN CAN'T DO WITHOUT HER.



She's always ready on the spot where anything is doing, with all the energy she's got her share of work pursuing.

Hilda the Helper HELPS THE TOWN in many lines of action. (No wonder young Philander Brown admits she's his attraction.)

Home Merchant Is Your Friend.
The home merchant is the man who gives you credit when you have no cash to buy the necessities of life. The home merchant is the man who helps you to pay the taxes that run your schools and pave your streets. The home merchant is the man to whom you appeal in times of distress for favors. Then why should you ignore him when you desire to make a purchase? He sells as good goods at as low figures as the man who does business in the big city. The hills look green far away.

To Be Great Be Beautiful.
Beauty plays no inconsiderable part in the greatness of cities. Parks, museums and art galleries, together with broad and well paved streets and boulevards, clean and brilliantly illuminated, comprise the necessary adjuncts of an up to date progressive city.

Supplying a Want.
Shabby individual (to painter up ladder)—Hi, you're dropping your paint all over me.

Painter—Well, you're badly in need of a coat of some sort.—London Tit-Bits.

A Better Position.
"Why did Dollarby sell his hotel?"
"He wasn't making money fast enough."
"What is he doing now?"
"He's luxuriating in the position of head waiter."—Pearson's Weekly.

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An Interesting Advertising Fable.
This fable is printed by a Kansas newspaper for the benefit of its advertisers and those who ought to be: "In a certain barnyard there were two hens, one of which when she laid an egg cackled because she knew she had a good thing and wanted others to know it. That hen believed in advertising. And many were the breakfasts her enterprise supplied. When the other hen laid eggs she disdained to cackle. 'What's the use,' she said. 'Everybody knows I lay eggs.' And she cackled not. One day the owner of the hens by accident discovered the nest of the noiseless one, and it was full of eggs, but they were too old to use, and immediately he cut off the head of the hen that refused to be 'modern' and advertise."

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FIRE!

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NORTHFIELD, MASS.
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Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church News

The names of sixteen persons were propounded for membership in the Congregational Church last Sunday. They will be received at the communion service next Sunday.

An unusually fine set of pictures of New York was shown by Prof. John A. Nicholls, the temperance lecturer, at the stereopticon lecture in the North Church last Sunday night. There was a large audience. A children's choir under Mr. Coe's direction sang.

School Supt. E. F. Howard spoke at the Mother's Meeting in the north parsonage Wednesday afternoon on the subject: "How Inculcate Ideas Both of Generosity and Economy."

The Franklin County Association of Congregationalist Churches held their spring meeting at Farley last Wednesday. Several delegates from Northfield attended.

Rev. Margaret B. Barnard of Rowe, Mass., will speak to the Women's Alliance in the parlors of the Unitarian Church on Wednesday, May 4, at 2.30 p. m. Subject, "Church Work and Work for the Church."

THE UNSPOKEN WORD.

The ill timed truth we should have kept—Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?

The word we had not sense to say—Who knows how grandly it had rung?

One of the most appropriate of all prayers is that contained in the old confession, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done."

The worst sins of the average life are the sins of omission rather than of commission.

We have been free—too free—to blurt out the things that have "pierced and stung," but "the word we had not sense to say" we have omitted. That has been our deadliest sin.

Do you remember as a child how you yearned for the sympathetic tone and the encouraging word of recognition when you had bravely done your little task? A little word of praise goes a long way in appeasing the heart of a child. Are we careful to speak that word?

And men and women are but children a little larger grown.

Think how appreciation colors all the day! The sun shines brighter and the song of birds is sweeter when some one has spoken the gracious or the tender word. And how the clouds lower when no one seems to care or, caring, fails to say!

Why, then, withhold the word?

You cannot err in a profusion of kindly utterance. Never in the whole history of the world has one kind word been wasted or spoken in vain. There can never by any possibility be overproduction in generous and kindly speech.

Why should we be so chary of expression? Why so stingy?

Mystery of human nature, why do we try to keep back the tide of affection and appreciation that beats up to the very door of our lips?

Why let human hearts starve to death for the words we will not say?

But for our own bitter tone, Though we love our own the best.

Or, if not the bitter tone, the deadly silence—"the word we had not sense to say."

Let love find its language. Speak the word that should be said. Speak it ere the ear of love is deaf and your laggard feet shall follow in the mournful wake of a coffin upon whose lid the flowers are piled—flowers that must sadly speak the vain regret for the word that was left unsaid.

Words of Praise Helpful.

State Senator J. L. Brady of Kansas says he met two representative citizens from nearby towns recently. In speaking of the home paper one said, "It is nothing much." The other said: "We are all very proud of our little home paper. It is better than you would expect in a town so small as ours." Which was the best boomer for his town?

Northfield Farms

Mr. Sumner Titus a life long resident of this town passed away on Tuesday and was buried on Thursday beside his wife at the Farms. He leaves a daughter, Mrs. Weatherhead of Hartford, Conn., and two grandchildren. Mr. Titus was a kind hearted man and always greeted his friends with a pleasant word. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ross have given him faithful service during his year of illness.

S. F. Alexander is having his house painted.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Hale were recent visitors in town.

The Dudley Orchestra will give a dance in Union Hall May 6.

The Benevolent Society met at the library last Wednesday.

A little daughter was welcomed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Tenney, April 24.

INCARNATED LOVE.

Father Louis Lambert Conrardy is dying of leprosy in Canton, China.

And thereby hangs a story of devotion and self abnegation that will be notable in the annals of heroism.

Father Conrardy, born in Belgium, spent several years as a missionary in India and then came to the United States in the same capacity among the northwestern Indians.

For fourteen years he was engaged in these labors, went through a number of Indian wars and won the friendship of President Cleveland because of his efforts in behalf of his redskin friends.

Then he heard of the illness of Father Damien, whose labors as the hero of the leper colony of Molokai are known and read of all men.

He wrote and asked if he could be of assistance and on receiving an affirmative reply sailed at once for Hawaii. He stayed with Father Damien until the latter died, a year afterward, and remained with the colony for several years.

Then the American government occupied Hawaii and took charge of the leper colony, and his services were no longer needed. But his work with lepers had stirred his soul with sympathy, and he longed to help them.

Hearing that these unfortunate people in China were neglected, he set out for Canton. He found conditions

worse than he imagined. Hundreds of lepers lived in huts in graveyards on scanty fare and utterly neglected.

Father Conrardy decided that he would do two things—first, he must study medicine and, second, raise money to start a colony in Canton.

Then this heroic priest went to Portland, Ore., and studied four years for his medical degree. And then, at the age of sixty-six years, he started to raise money. He traveled over this country, making addresses, and got together \$30,000.

Going back to Canton, Father Conrardy bought an island in the river sixty miles from Canton, transported 500 lepers and built them homes.

And now he is dying.

And the pathos of it all is his despairing sense of failure with success just within his grasp. The tragedy is shown in his letters:

"I am not well, but hope that God will give me a few years more to work among the lepers. If I could only live five years longer!"

Why retell his story? Because the story itself suffices. In the face of such a sacrificial life moralizing is but mummery.

Like the story of Calvary, it incarnates a creed of immortal love—a life and death of ignominy for the sake of men.

Inertia of the Nerves.

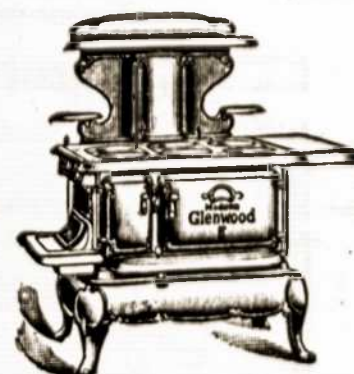
The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions per second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist a person cannot make more than ten or at the most a dozen separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.

A Romantic Career.

The romantic career of a very remarkable man, John Gully, who seconded Cribb in his battle with Molineux, is thus summed up in the "Dictionary of National Biography": "Prizefighter, horse racer, legislator and colliery proprietor." Gully fought his first fight just before Trafalgar. He fought his last and retired from the prize ring in a blaze of triumph seven years before Waterloo. Gully rose to be a rich man and a member of parliament. He won the Derby three times and was the owner of a large and prosperous colliery. He died in 1863, the father of twenty-four children.

Don't try to save your neighbor's soul your way. He may prefer a different brand of salvation.

Trust Your Baking To The Sure Oven



Of A Modern
Glenwood
The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

H. M. Bristol, Northfield

TO OUST BILLBOARDS

Fight For Abolition of Town Uglifiers Spreading.

EFFECTIVE LAWS INSTITUTED

Cincinnati and St. Louis Adopt Regulations Restricting Construction of Signboards in Certain Sections of the City and Matter Exposed on Them.

It is well agreed on as a starting point in the quest after a town and city beautiful that the ever ugly billboards must by all means disappear. The colored poster that adorns the dead walls and vacant spaces of town streets is about the only created thing for which no claim of beauty is made. The signboard stands unrivaled and alone as something that is frankly ugly and justifies its existence on other ground than attractiveness to the aesthetic sense. Many towns and cities throughout the United States are waging a successful fight to abolish billboard advertising. Cincinnati is making a strong stand against the nuisance that should be duplicated in all towns and cities. The fight has been led by the municipal art committee of the Business Men's club and has culminated in the adoption of a code of regulations embraced in the city's building ordinances. These regulations are directed toward, first, the character of materials to be used, non-combustible material only being allowed; second, the limiting of their height and area; third, raising them from the ground; fourth, maintaining an open space at the end; fifth, restricting their proximity to the street and maintaining the house line, and, sixth, restricting the matter that may be exposed on them. The business men's organization also expects to maintain the right to require that no signboard shall be erected on or facing



HOW BILLBOARDS DEFACE A TOWN.

any public park, square, municipal, county or federal building. This is a grand example shown by Cincinnati, and let the public spirited of other towns and cities follow suit. St. Louis is also trying to rid itself of the boards upon which the obnoxious posters appear and tend to deface the beauty of the city. The building commissioner recently brought action for the abolition of over 200 billboards, the construction of which violates city ordinances, as a consequence of a decision handed down by the Missouri supreme court at Jefferson City recently affirming the right of St. Louis to regulate billboard advertising by ordinance.

That Boy Again.

Mrs. Boardman—I ordered lamb and you sent me mutton.
Butcher—It was lamb when it left here, mum.—Judge's Library.

Good reasons must, of course, give place to better.—Shakespeare.

HEADQUARTERS for PIANOS

1 Kimball Piano, \$100. 1 Mason and Hamlin, \$150. 1 Ivers and Pond, new, \$290. Pianos for rent. I pay cash for Pianos and sell accordingly. SAVE MONEY by buying of me.
J. H. LAMB Greenfield, Mass.

Steamship Tickets

BY ANY OF THE PRINCIPAL Transatlantic Lines

Geo. R. Witte
NORTHFIELD
Continental trips arranged as Tourist may select

Maine Seed Potatoes: Early Rose, Queens and Green Mountains. Asparagus roots 75 cts. a hundred.

One Good second hand Webster Pump, cheap.
Plymouth Rock Eggs for setting, 50 cents for 15

L. O. CLAPP



COLUMBIA

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Double - Discs

2 records at a single price 65c

Don't spend another cent for talking-machine records till you have seen and heard Columbia Double-Disc Records. They fit any machine, and outwear any other records in the world. Double value for your money! Call in! Get a catalog!

NORTHFIELD PRESS
Proctor Block



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\$2.00 Per Day

Weekly Rates on Application

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M. O. PERHAM, PROP.

J. T. CUMMINGS

PAINTER, PAPER HANGER
AND DECORATOR

is still on WARWICK AVE., where for 35 years he has served the people of Northfield and vicinity with entire satisfaction and where he continues his same policy of first-class work at reasonable rates.

YOU CAN'T IMPROVE

on Nature's way; the wild birds mate in April and experience teaches that domesticated fowl also hatch best in the Spring months.

YOU CAN IMPROVE

your poultry and increase the egg yield by hatching selected eggs from standard-bred Rhode Island Red hens.

GEORGE R. WITTE
Near Wanamaker Lake
EAST NORTHFIELD

W. G. SLATE

HOME LAUNDRY

Family Washing a Specialty
Also Piece Work

A Postal will bring quick response.

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SOLD BY A. W. PROCTOR.

My Uncle's Story

By A. B. SEARLE

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What a change half a century has made in methods of travel! In 1850 to reach New York from Cincinnati, then the Queen City of the West, one might go a part of the way by steamboat, another by stagecoach and the balance by canal. In such conveyances people were thrown together intimately, and lifelong friendships were often made. The passenger canalboat was the first to pass out of use, and there are few living who remember it as a method of travel.

It was in 1845 that one of these passenger canalboats was being dragged along by a horse on the towpath. There were no staterooms, only berths something like those on a modern sleeping car. Between these was the cabin, where the passengers lounged during the day and evening. At that time the professional gambler worked in the narrow channels of the period. He was on the steamboat, but did not disdain the canalboat. On this canalboat a portion of the bow had been curtained off, and in it were card tables. At one of these tables sat a professional gambler fleeing a youngster of twenty.

That youngster was my uncle, and I got the story I am about to tell from him.

He had been deputed to carry some \$8,000 from Pittsburg to Harrisburg. How the gambler knew that he had the money with him he did not learn. My uncle played with the sharper till he had lost all the money that had been given him for his expenses, then began to play with his trust fund. He quit at 11 o'clock at night, having lost half of the \$8,000.

The next morning was Sunday. A service was held in the cabin conducted by a clergyman slightly past middle age. My uncle was much impressed with his appearance and the fervor with which he spoke. His accent was that of the southerner. My uncle said that the clergyman attacked gambling, telling a number of interesting, many of them pathetic, incidents, in which some foolish person had been robbed of all he possessed. In these stories the speaker showed an intimate knowledge of all forms of swindling at cards. He was looking straight at my uncle while he talked and seemed to be speaking to him personally. Then my uncle remembered that while playing with the gambler he had seen the clergyman standing among those overlooking the game.

Notwithstanding that it was Sunday my uncle was eager to renew the play, hoping to win back what he had lost. He argued that to lose any part of the fund with which he had been interested would ruin him the same as if he lost the whole. Therefore Sunday afternoon he proposed to the gambler that they go to their curtained space for more play. The gambler, who knew well enough that the youngster would be after him, assented, and they were soon at play.

Of course my uncle lost steadily. His last thousand dollars was slowly melting away when who should walk in but the clergyman. He stood looking at the game for awhile, then said to my uncle: "Boy, you can't play with this man. He's a professional gambler and is playing with marked cards."

Picking up one of the cards lying on the table face down, the speaker, rubbing his thumb on it, said, "The king of clubs." Then, turning it over, his prophecy proved correct. In the same way he told the value of other cards. They were all provided with minute points that could be felt, but not easily seen. Then, turning to the gambler, he said, "Give the boy the money you have won from him."

The gambler put up a vigorous bluff. "What you got to do with this business, anyway? You're a parson and don't know any more about cards than a mule. You just get out of here or I'll find a way to put you out."

"How much has he won from you, boy?" asked the clergyman of my uncle.

"Seven thousand dollars."

"Give me what you have left. The only way I can get your loss back for you from this man is to win it at his own game. There's honor among thieves. He won't do it one way, but he will another."

My uncle turned over a few hundred dollars he had left. The clergyman sat down, a new pack of cards was brought out, and at it they went. At the end of an hour the clergyman had recovered \$5,000. At the end of the second hour he had lost \$500. At the end of the third hour he had regained all but \$300 of my uncle's loss, and in half an hour more he had won every cent the gambler had taken. He shoved his winnings over to the boy he had saved from ruin.

"There's only one man that can get the better of me on any game of cards," said the gambler, "and I haven't seen him for eighteen years."

"Warren Phillips?"

"Yes."

"That's my name."

The gambler looked at him in astonishment.

"Yes; I was one of the professionals in those days, though I never played any but a fair game. But I quit it and now look upon it with horror. I ran for years on the Prairie Belle and won a lot of money. It's all now in churches."

And that's the way my uncle saved.

WASTED THE CROP.

Destroying It Did Not Bring the Promised Reward.

"Tom Angus was an architect of Tombstone," said the story teller. "When they expected Mrs. Langtry in Tombstone, Tom was appointed to decorate the railway station and the streets. He did so, and he made a good job of it, and after the mayor had congratulated him he said:

"Well, Mr. Mayor, since you like my work, introduce me to Mrs. Langtry at the banquet, will you?"

"Sure, I will," said the mayor, "but you must knock that spinach off your chin first. Mrs. Langtry is a lady, and she could never stand for a rusty alfalfa field like yours."

"But," stammered Tom—"but, Mr. Mayor, the king—"

"Cut down the alfalfa crop," the mayor interrupted, "and I'll introduce



TOM REMOVED HIS RICH WHISKERS.

you. Vice versa," he added, very decidedly.

"So Tom removed his rich whiskers, and that night among the banqueters his white, nude chin was a conspicuous object. But the mayor didn't introduce him to the beautiful Mrs. Langtry, after all. After every course and all through the speeches Tom kept winking and nodding at his honor, but it was to no purpose. He didn't get introduced.

"And the next day, after Mrs. Langtry was gone, the mayor, when Tom reproached him, gave a loud laugh.

"Was that you," he roared, "nodding and winking all last night? By Jove, I didn't recognize you, Tom, without your whiskers."

Anger.

If you wish not to be of an angry temper do not feed the habit. Throw nothing on it which will increase it. At first keep quiet and count the days on which you have been angry.—Epicurus.

Diplomacy.

Down on New York's west side there's a 'longshore saloon' where they set up a huge schooner for 5 cents. When 6 o'clock blows the place is thronged by the thirsty, fortifying themselves for the long walk home.

One night a huge Irishman in a red flannel shirt, open at his brawny chest and rolled up over swelling biceps, stood in the crowd and tapped his nickel on the bar. Just as the bartender set out the schooner the swing door burst open, and a little Irishman rushed in, flung his coat on the floor, threw his hat beside it and, jumping on them, yelled in a high voice quivering with rage:

"Which one of yez beat up poor Pat Murphy?"

The big Irishman in the red shirt tapped his chest. "Twas me!" he bellowed hoarsely.

The little Irishman whirled round. "Gee!" he piped. "Ye did him up folne."—Lippincott's.

Higher Up.

The man on horseback, he, indeed, for whom we have been waiting, and whether he would come at all most earnestly debating. The man who in herold mold, His enemies defying, Was billed to be here pretty soon Will doubtless come in flying.

Settled Condition.

"It is terrible to be poor." "Yes, but it has one advantage." "What is that?" "You know where you're at." "Can't see the advantage." "Well, you know you are going to stay that way, whereas if you're rich you know you are liable to have sudden and soul sickening changes."

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SEASONABLE FANCIES.

Blond Is One of the Spring Colors; Also a New Blue Tone.

Blond is one of the new colors. At first glance it looks like the old champagne shade, but a comparison reveals the fact that the new blond has a dash of brown in it instead of the tinge of yellow evident in the champagne color.

There is a new shade of blue in spring materials aptly named smoke. It reminds one of a pale shade of ca-



AN ALL SEASON WAIST

det or Alice blue, supposing the tinge of gray were absent.

Belts and waist lines are assuming importance this season. Many new dresses show the natural waist line sharply defined by a girdle.

Blouse sets in jet are pretty and serviceable, for there is no metal to become discolored.

CALENDARS AND DIARIES.

Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

Northfield Pad Calendar for 1910, a separate sheet for each day, upon which there is the day and date, a passage of Scripture with comment by a Northfield speaker, and blank space for memoranda, set in an iron stand. 25 cents (postage 5 cents extra).

Also an assortment of sheet, drop and pad calendars, from a few cents up.

Standard diaries for 1910.

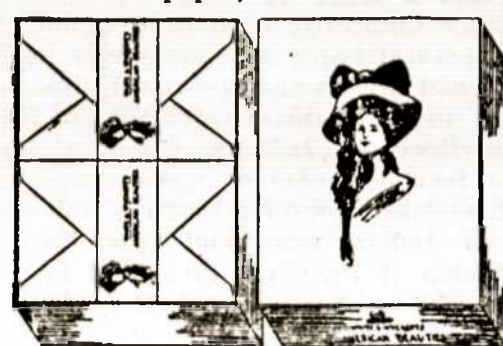
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Games, boxed paper and special stationery supplies.

Juvenile books in paper and cloth, colored illustrations, etc.

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Prices from \$18 up.

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IS APPROVINGLY USED BY DOCTORS AND NURSES.

Victor Liniment

Is a highly refined preparation for the human flesh, and is esteemed most valuable for every home. Ask your druggist about it. Insist on

Victor Liniment

and take no other.

The waist illustrated is charming at all seasons, especially so just now, when bordered materials and flouncings are to be met at every turn. In the present instance dotted swiss makes the waist and matching border the bretelles, while the yoke is of all over embroidery.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut in sizes from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 608, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

Hope.

"Say, pop, I've got to write a composition on 'Hope.' What is 'hope,' anyway?"

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expectation of being able to dodge our just deserts."—Life.

A Short Fall.

"Golly, Mike, are you alive after falling two stories?"

"Why, that's not far; this is a fifty-one story building."—Judge.

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Had It Beaten.

"How touching that story is!"

"Touching?"

"Yes. Don't you think so?"

"Well, maybe."

"I think it is the most touching thing I ever heard."

"Well, it can't hold a candle to the touching qualities of a story a chap I know comes around and tells every month just after I have connected with the pay roll."

HE STUDIED TOO HARD

By HARRIET L. CEDDES

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After the death of Professor Koopman, one of the most remarkable scientists of Germany, the following manuscript was found among his papers:

Holding the chair of chemistry in the university, all the work of my brain has been devoted to the decomposition and reconstruction of matter. I have long been convinced that we must pass through matter to get at spirit—in other words, our medium instead of being a person must be science. Now, by chemical agents we photograph matter which we can see. More than this, we photograph objects we cannot see except by the aid of the telescope. Still more, we photograph objects beyond the range of our vision even assisted by the telescope. Ergo, may we not by the extension of the process at last get a picture of beings existing in spirit form?

This dry scientific preface is but preliminary to the story I have to tell and is essential to its understanding. Ten years ago I married Louisa Markham. Five years ago she died. Since then my scientific studies have run in but one view, to bring her within the sight of my mortal eyes.

The discovery of radium gave a new impulse to my investigations. Radium is the first substance known to exert power without exhausting itself. The steam engine must have coal, the body food. As soon as I heard of radium it struck me that there was a substance akin to spirit, neither requiring fuel. But since radium is matter, reasoning from analogy, spirit may also be matter. We may photograph matter even though invisible. Therefore may we not photograph spirit?

I will not ask you to follow me in my studies of photographic processes. I tried to penetrate the realm of soul. I will only say that I at last discovered a substance which I converted into a plate—or, rather, laid upon a plate—a hundred times more sensitive than any known form of matter. It was one of many I had tried in making ordinary photographs and failed. But on one occasion while experimenting with it I was called away. On returning several days later I took the plate from the camera, and it occurred to me to develop it.

To assign a reason for this impulse—I had no object of which I was conscious—would be to leave the scientific field and enter that of psychology. I am convinced that I was impelled by one in the spirit world to develop the plate. Such direction given to human thought is very common. I developed my plate—not with the usual agents, but others I had proved by experiment to be far more delicate—and what was my astonishment to see the semblance of human forms. The difference between them and living persons I cannot explain. To get an idea of them they must be seen.

Why these figures had appeared before my camera I do not know. I could never get them again. If they were spirits they had happened to be where they would be photographed.

I pondered long on how I might photograph my wife, provided she was accustomed to frequent places she had been used to frequenting in life. There is a window of her bedroom at which she used to sit and look over a view of rolling ground on which were scattered several of the college buildings. It occurred to me to keep a plate constantly exposed bearing on the chair she had used in this window in the hope that she would come there.

A week's exposure failed to show any impression on the plate. Possibly, I thought, ordinary light is not strong enough for the purpose. I determined to use the strongest light available.

The room faced south, the sun being on it in summer from 8 o'clock in the morning till about 5 in the evening. I rigged a lens—on the principle of the common sun-glass—outside the window, throwing a light on the chair composed of the converging rays of the sun. My lens was arranged to turn by clockwork so that the light thrown on the chair would continue irrespective of the sun's apparent motion.

I exposed my plate all one very clear day, but found nothing on it when developed. For five successive days the sun shone brightly. I continued the exposure. After the fifth exposure a faint figure appeared on the plate. A print showed a woman sitting in the chair.

The figure was not distinct enough for me to tell whether or no it was that of my wife. I mourned the imperfection of my materials and sighed that I had none more delicate. I caught the figure at the window several times, but the impression was always blurred. How I longed to produce a picture that would give the features of the face! Doubtless I would then see my wife looking at me as she had often done while sitting in that chair.

Soon after this I changed the basis of my investigations. I laid out a series of experiments at taking pictures

with the light of radium. I worked and thought so incessantly that at last my friends interfered, thinking I would break down. They interrupted me, however, just as I had succeeded. I have made a number of photographs of my wife holding out her arms to me and wearing that smile.

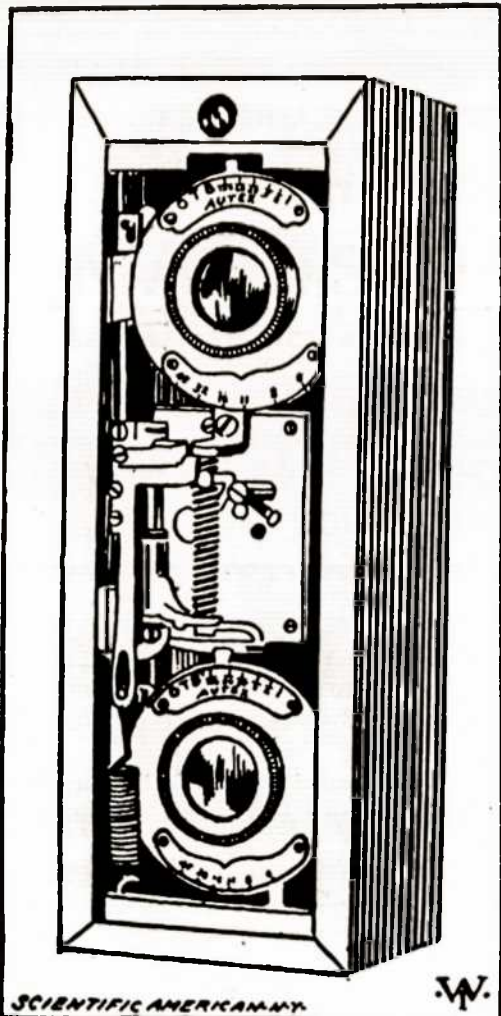
(On the day this last paragraph was written Professor Koopman was taken to a sanitarium, where he died.)

SPEED RECORDING CAMERA.

Instrument For Detecting Violation of Speed Laws.

A very ingenious instrument for recording the speed and license number of an automobile has been devised by two instructors of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The instrument, which is but little larger than a pocket kodak, consists of a double camera with a watch movement, which controls the operation of the camera shutter.

When an automobile passes at a speed that seems excessive the operator trains the instrument upon it and releases the mechanism by pressing a button. Immediately the shutter of the upper camera is sprung, taking a photograph of the receding automobile.



THE DOUBLE CAMERA.

bille, and a moment later the other shutter is sprung, taking a second image of the automobile, whereupon the timing mechanism comes to a stop. The plate is developed by the regular process, and the resulting negative shows an image of the automobile near the operator with his license number distinct and a second view of the machine taken at the end of the time interval. In the center of the print are the photographs of the hands of the stop watch caught when the first and second exposures were made.

Since the automobile has traversed a certain space in the time interval the second image is smaller than the first by an amount which can easily be measured with an ordinary scale divided in hundredths of an inch, and, knowing that the standard wheel tread is fifty-six inches, the distance of the two objects from the camera, and hence the space the automobile has covered in the time interval, is easily found by the following law: The distance of any object from the lens is as many times greater than the focal distance of the camera as the length of any line of the real object is greater than its length in the photograph. This is a simple proportion in which three of the terms are known—namely, the size of the object, the size of the image of the object on the plate and the distance of the image from the lens. The fourth term of the proportion, the distance of the object from the lens, follows by simple division. However, the operator is saved all irksome computation by a table attached to the instrument.

Couldn't Help It.

"Did I see you kick that dog?"
"You did."
"Why did you do it?"
"I own that dog."
"Well, you shouldn't hold that up against him. That is a misfortune rather than a fault on his part."

Have Something to Show.

"When in doubt play trumps."
"I know a better thing to do than that."
"Spring it."
"Saw wood."

If fish is a good brain food some of the light fingered gentry must have often supped on shark.

Hair worn on a man's face would often look better if worn off.

The difference is that when extremes meet the electric spark doesn't pass between them.

Funny, isn't it, that it always takes a weak woman to make a strong man weep?

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

IT is hard to believe that there is no such thing as luck when you get five knock-out blows in seven consecutive minutes.

An increase in salary is seldom the result of criticising the boss.

Many a man's insurance is far surpassed by his assurance.

When polite society becomes impolite it is time for the rest of us to go home.

It doesn't require much of a manufacturer to make a fool of a man.

No doubt it is a good thing to be wise, but wisdom isn't for sale.

Being inquisitive is a condition that sometimes brings knowledge and sometimes a black eye.

Taking the census is one way of finding how many fools there are in the world.

The future could take care of itself all right as a general thing if the past wouldn't interfere.

One reason why women don't worry over their spring millinery is because they know their husbands will do that.

The Knockers.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere In the newest version framed to show The startling fact that it isn't so. The knocker comes with his hammer strong And says the account is false and wrong; That he never rode as the poet said, But instead was at home and asleep in bed.

And, having demolished Paul's friendly lamp, He says Sam Adams was but a scamp And the men who were mixed with the Boston tea Were hardly the pick of society. And, indeed, he is sure that heroic crew Was a smuggler band if his guess is true; That some of them went about dodging debt And taking whatever their hands could get.

Ben Franklin, too, if his dope is right, Was a naughty and most unlovely wight Who opened letters and robbed the mail And barely escaped a term in jail, And the soldiers who made the British fly On manners and morals were somewhat shy, Not patriots, as it is told in the books, But a lot of grand old high grade crooks.

You will notice this if his screed you've read That he waited till all were good and dead Before he started his knocking game To dim the edge of their well earned fame. If he could have said it to their face He wouldn't have made such an awful case. But, whatever the truth of his lies may be, Those old boys suit us to a T.



Safe in Declining.
"I would not take an automobile as a gift."
"Why not?"
"Nobody would offer me one."

The Cheerful One.

"Wilkins looks mighty cheerful."
"Yes; he believes in it."
"Does he always look as cheerful as he looks now?"
"No; I think he has an especial reason to look happy. He has been shedding sunshine on the world in his peculiar way."
"Shedding sunshine?"
"Yes."
"How?"
"I believe he has just shot a pessimist and eaten a dyspeptic."

Good Suggestion.

"You are too good for me, darling."
"Do you really think so, Edward?"
"Oh, I know it, my own."
"Really?"
"Really and truly."
"Then I have a suggestion to make."
"What is it?"
"Take a course in a correspondence school in 'How to Improve Oneself.'"

Trophies.

"What supplies should I take for a hunt in Africa?"
"A couple of trunks full of beads and brass jewelry."
"What do I want of that?"
"To trade to the natives for skins so you will have something to show when you get home."

His Conceit.

"What's the matter with Wilson?"
"Concussion of the brain."
"Mercy! How did that happen?"
"Came on from too much patting himself on the head."

Philanthropy.

Plant a little garden;
Raise your own supplies.
Give your neighbors' hens a chance.
They need exercise.



WANTED—A RIDER AGENT IN EACH TOWN

and district to ride and exhibit a sample latest Model "Hedgehorn" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer at once.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve of your bicycle. We ship to anyone, anywhere in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance. Prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not be out one cent.

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YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalogue and study our superb models at the wonderfully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bicycles for less money than any other factory. We are satisfied with \$1.00 profit above factory cost.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double our prices. Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly at prices ranging from \$3 to \$8 or \$10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, repairs and equipment of all kinds at half the usual retail prices.

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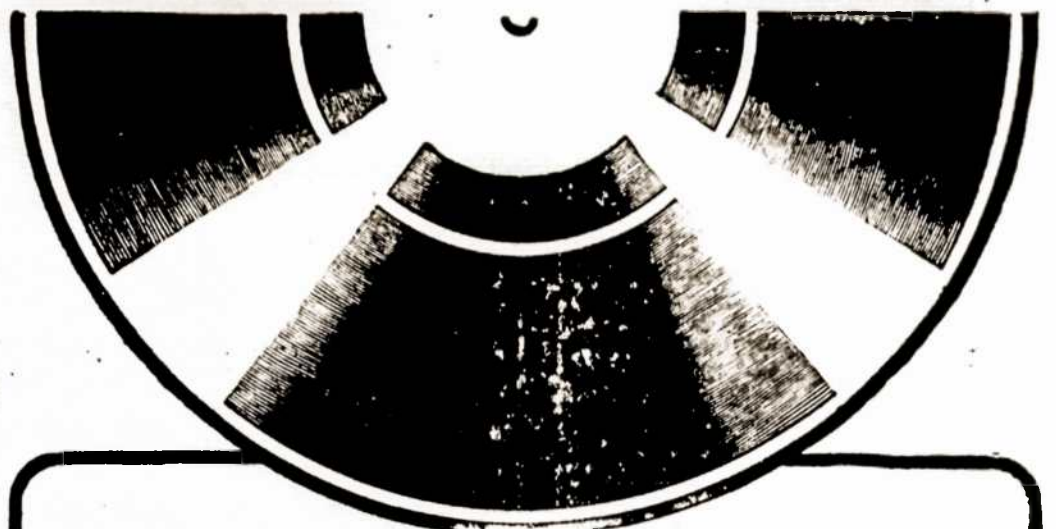
DESCRIPTION: Made in all sizes. It is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is \$8.50 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only \$4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

FOR SALE BY
NORTHFIELD PRESS



Napoleon's Gift.

A former viceroy of India was once a guest at an official banquet in London and found himself placed next to a portly London alderman.

"My grandfather knew Napoleon," said the latter to the distinguished guest. "The emperor gave him a lovely snuffbox. There is a hen on the lid."

"Dear me!" replied the viceroy. "It is probably an eagle, not a hen."

"No, it is a hen," persisted the alderman, producing the box from his pocket and proudly displaying the initial "N" of the emperor's name in brilliants on the lid.

A Valuable Signature.

Whistler's professional as well as legal signature was a butterfly. It appeared on his paintings and was the only signature recognized at his bank. Autograph flinders schemed in vain and would have paid handsomely for Whistler's autograph in script.

One day the painter was visited in his studio by a dealer who appeared to be very angry. He had received Whistler's check for £1 5s. and wrathfully demanded a proper signature that would draw the money at the bank.

Whistler, genuinely enraged at the thought that there could be any one

so ignorant as not to know about the famous butterfly, wrote his name on the check, knowing that the bank would refuse it and picturing to himself with joy the dealer's punishment in forfeiting the £1 5s. owing to him.

The next day the painter was so furious he nearly had a fit on learning that within an hour the dealer had sold the rare signature for £62.

Talking Pictures.

A perfect combination of the phonograph and moving picture machine is now Thomas A. Edison's chief ambition. The electrical wizard believes such a device would be of great aid in the schoolroom, and he is working on his "talking picture" machine.

The moving pictures will be shown in their natural colors, will stand out from the screen lifelike and will talk.

It is not always the loudest clacker at the street fair or circus that has the best sideshow nor the windiest advertiser that sends the best goods to his patrons. There is no vital connection between noise and quality of goods.

MOST people on resolving to be kind to the deserving vote themselves the only really deserving of whose credentials they are sure.

Establish a Court of Commerce to Hold Corporations In Check.

By ANDREW CARNEGIE.

HERE have come to us combination, and COMBINATIONS CANNOT BE PREVENTED. They are bound to exist. There is scarcely an article now in use that is not in a combination, public or private. We must accept that as the law of our age.

As a corollary to that we are BOUND TO HAVE REGULATION OF COMMERCE OR THE CONSUMER HAS NO CHANCE. We CANNOT TRUST CORPORATIONS. No man is allowed to sit in judgment on his own cause. The judge that would sit on a case in which he was interested would be dishonorable.

IT FOLLOWS, THEN, THAT YOU MUST HAVE A COURT OF COMMERCE. WE WILL NOT ALLOW A CORPORATION TO SAY IT CAN FIX ITS OWN RATES. THAT COURT OF COMMERCE IS GOING TO BE THE SUPREME COURT IN THESE MATTERS.

I am decidedly of the opinion that the DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS IS NOT FAIR. The time is coming when the millionaire will not be honored for his money.

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WANTED

Wanted—A second girl for the Elliot Hospital, Keene, N. H. Wages, \$5.00 per week. Address, Miss Ella McCobb, Keene, N. H.

WANTED—Bids for building Glenwood Ave. Extension and grading to land of J. R. Hamilton. Address Selectmen.

FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price. E. W. Brown, Northfield, Mass.

FOR SALE—A good Surrey. Press Office.

FOR SALE—A few bushels of Choice early Potatoes and some extra Choice Seed Corn.

L. W. Turner.

FOR RENT—One six-room cottage on Elm Avenue. Inquire of John E. Nye.

Wanted—Bids for furnishing 40000 ft. of chestnut plank. Address, Selectmen.

FOR SALE—Place owned by Mrs. Tonski on Plain Street. Inquire of E. Tonski, East Northfield.

FOR SALE—At \$100 per share, \$25,000 of 6 per cent. NON-TAXABLE PREFERRED STOCK of the Grout Automobile Company. Interest is payable semi-annually; stock is redeemable in 6 years at 106, and nets the investor 7 per cent.

John W. Wheeler, Pres.
Elisha S. Hall, Treas.
Orange, Mass.

FOR SALE—New and second hand 4 cly., 35 H. P., double chain drive automobiles, of our own make, at bargain prices.

Grout Automobile Co.,
Orange, Mass.

DEEP SEA LIFE.

The Deposits on the Surface of Submarine Mountains.

Whether or not the light of day penetrates the obscure depths of the sea has not been settled by scientists, and the fact that some animals found at a depth exceeding 700 fathoms have no eyes or a very faint indication of them, while others possess very large and protruding eyes, helps to make the dispute all the more sharp.

Another strange thing about the lower depths of the ocean is that when its inhabitants possess any color at all that color is usually orange or red or reddish orange—for example, sea anemones, corals, etc. The surface of submarine mountains is strewn with shells like the virgin seashore, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals. When a codfish eats it takes an oyster in its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells of their smaller neighbors and suck out the meat. This accounts for the mounds of shells which are found beneath the waves. All fish bones discovered there invariably crumble at the slightest touch, so completely have they been honeycombed by the boring shellfish, and, further illustrating the constant destruction going on in the ocean's depth, it is said that if a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by the fish, with the exception of its metal portions, and not a human bone of its crew will remain longer than a few days.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MADE WAGNER PAY.

An Early Sonata That Cost the Composer a Lot of Money.

Wagner when a young man wrote a sonata which had a fair success, but in after life he made every effort to suppress it. Going to the publisher, he said, "Have you any copies of that miserable thing still unsold?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I have quite a number of them in stock."

"Send them to me at once, with a bill," said the composer.

A thousand copies were soon afterward delivered at his door. The bill was a big one, but it was paid, somewhat grudgingly, and Wagner thought he had done with the thing. What was his surprise, then, at receiving two or three months later another consignment, this time of 500 copies.

"I thought you had only a thousand of these things," he protested.

"That was all I had in stock," explained the dealer, "but these have been returned by my agents, to whom I wrote that you wished to have the sonata suppressed."

Wagner winced, but there was nothing for it but to pay the bill. And thereafter whenever business was dull with this crafty publisher a few hundred copies of the sonata would be struck off on shopworn paper and delivered at the composer's door with a memorandum to the effect that they had just come back from remote places where they had been sent for sale.

A WAY TO WOO SLEEP.

Watch a Light Spot on the Wall Till Slumber Comes.

Some months ago a friend informed me that he was a great sufferer from sleeplessness. He had experimented with all manner of remedies—baths, drugs, exercise, dieting—but could find no relief, writes H. Addington Bruce in the Delinicator.

"How about the 'spot on the wall' cure?" I asked him.

"I haven't heard of that. What is it?"

"It's very simple," I told him, "yet very efficacious. I presume that some light from the street lamp or the moon usually gets into your bedroom? Well, where it strikes the wall you will be pretty sure to find spots that seem to stand out vividly from the dark background. Select one of these patches of brightness, one preferably not much larger than a silver dollar. Settle down comfortably in such a way that it will be within easy range of your vision without straining to see it. Then gaze at it steadily."

"Do not, however, try to stare it out of countenance, so to speak. Instead, let the muscles of your eyes relax until the spot appears to have a confused outline. At the same time, if possible, think of nothing but the one idea—I am going to sleep!"

"Before long your eyes will begin to feel tired, and they will gradually close. Open them and once more gaze at the spot on the wall. Again they will close. Again open them. Presently you will find it impossible to open them, and the next instant you will be asleep."

Recently I again met him and found him full of enthusiasm.

"That was a splendid scheme," said he. "I sleep like a top nowadays—I am asleep almost as soon as I touch the bed."

HE GUESSED RIGHT.

Now See if You Can Tell Which Fair One He Selected.

A certain Turk, according to the story, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared.

The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him.

"If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice.

"You have only a minute left!" yelled the sultan in anger. "Choose at once!"

Ten of the ladies, the man noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of the remaining two frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride; for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance. 'No,' he said to himself; 'it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her.'"

After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she—the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

Taste and Smell.

Physiologists have long known that many sensations ordinarily ascribed to taste are in reality due to smell, but this fact has been made clearer than before by the investigations of German savants. Air enters the olfactory chamber, where the nerves connected with the sense of smell are centered, both through the nostrils and through an inlet leading from the mouth. In consequence a breath of perfumed air manifests its odor not only when it is breathed in, but when it is breathed out. For this reason we are sometimes deceived as to the source of the pleasure we derive from things taken into the mouth, the agreeableness of the impression being due, in some cases, rather to smell than to taste.—New York Herald.

Pre-Columbian Voyages.

Concerning the subject of the discovery of America John Fiske says: "Nothing can be clearer from a survey of the whole subject than that these pre-Columbian voyages were quite barren of results of historic importance. In point of colonization they produced the two ill fated settlements on the Greenland coast and nothing more; otherwise they made no real addition to the stock of geographical knowledge. They wrought no effect whatever upon the European mind. In no sense was any real contact established between the eastern and western halves of our planet until the great voyage of Columbus in 1492."

Considerate.

"Young man, I'm sure I heard you kiss my daughter."

"Did you, sir? Next time I'll tip over a chair or shuffle my feet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Creation lives, grows and multiplies. Man is but a witness.—Victor Hugo.

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Open all the year. A homelike hotel that offers every comfort. Electric lights, steam heat, open fires, private baths, broad verandas. Excellent table. Good Livery and Garage. Illustrated Booklet Free.

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Makers of Granite in all its forms. Monuments, Headstones, Markers, Steps, Fountains, etc. No order too large; none too small. All kinds of granite, foreign and domestic. Our business reputation of nearly 39 years allows you confidence in our work. Jos. Walker, Prop., 39 Arthur St. W. Quincy, Mass.

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WINCHESTER ICE CREAM

ORDERS TAKEN FOR ALL FLAVORS

AT
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EAST NORTHFIELD

What He "Saved."

Peter Clay was a coachman. His master found him one winter morning lying on top of a snowdrift in the front garden quite drunk.

"Why, Pete, you scoundrel," the master cried, "what do you mean by get-



"LAPPED UP ALL I COULD."

ting drunk at this time of day? Your breakfast has hardly settled, and you're drunk!"

"Well, sir," Pete answered, rising carefully, "my excuse is that, sir, on the way home with a demijohn of whisky for my wife's rheumatism I fell on a cake of ice, sir, and the demijohn busted, and the good liquor all run out. It lay in little pools and puddles between the frozen ruts. I got down and lapped up all I could, sir. That's how I got overcome."

"You swinish scoundrel," said the master, "how much did you drink?"

"Well, sir," said Pete, "I guess I must have saved close on to a quart and a pint."

The First Fork.

The first fork? The fork, as a matter of fact, did not appear as a table implement until the seventeenth century, though as early as the thirteenth century gold and silver ones were made for special purposes. The ordinary diner was only provided with a trencher, a napkin and a spoon. For knife he used his own, which he carried about, and, worse, there was no second trencher, no second spoon. When the several courses came along he exercised his ingenuity and mopped his trencher with his bread. His spoon—well, we ourselves lick postage stamps!—London Chronicle.

Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Slowboy—My husband's so lazy that if it wasn't for me I don't believe he would get up in time to go to bed. Mrs. Rounder—My husband's different. He scarcely goes to bed in time to get up.

Appropriate Treatment.

The Thoughtful Man—What would you recommend as treatment for a man who is always going around with a poor mouth? The Funny Fellow—Send him to a dentist.

He Did.

"Did Slimkins get any damages in that assault-case?"

"Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."

A man without patience is a lamp without oil.—De Musset.

The Winchester National Bank

Does a general banking business and solicits your account. Pays interest on certificate of deposit.

Capital and Surplus - \$125,000
Total Assets - \$364,000

James R. Hamilton, Agent
EAST NORTHFIELD
Banking hours, 10 to 3; Saturdays, 10 to 2

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Put on your Old Gray Bonnet
Garden of Roses
To Have and to Hold March, etc.

ALL THE LATEST SHEET MUSIC.
ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. Tel. 154-3.

J. H. LAMB
Federal St., Greenfield, Mass.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

FRANKLIN, SS.—CASE 16099.—PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of HELEN M. SMITH, late of Northfield, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to N. Fay Smith of said Northfield, without giving a surety on his bond.

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Greenfield, in said County of Franklin, on the first Tuesday of May A. D. 1910, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Northfield Press, a newspaper published in said Northfield, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, FRANCIS M. THOMPSON, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eleventh day of April in the year one thousand nine hundred and ten.

FRANCIS N. THOMPSON, Register.

Where He Was Strong.

"Can't you find work?"

"Oh, yes. There is plenty of that, but not in the line in which I am best qualified."

"What can you do best?"

"Help Mr. Rockefeller give his money away."

Didn't Plug the Keyhole.

"Mabel, did I see that young man kissing you last night?"

"No, papa."

"I thought I did."

"I don't think so. We looked very carefully first to see that no one was in sight."

A Hint.

"Landlord, you ought to paint those radiators white."

"For artistic effect?"

"No. When one is in the arctic regions it is pleasant to have the surroundings look natural."

The Test.

"She has a beautiful complexion, hasn't she?"

"Yes, guaranteed."

"Guaranteed?"

"Yes; to turn rosy on the receipt of a compliment."

Substitute For Oysters.

"How did you like the orator?"

"He is an old cannibal."

"Where did you get that idea?"

"He asked us to lend him our ears."